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THE Jetsons

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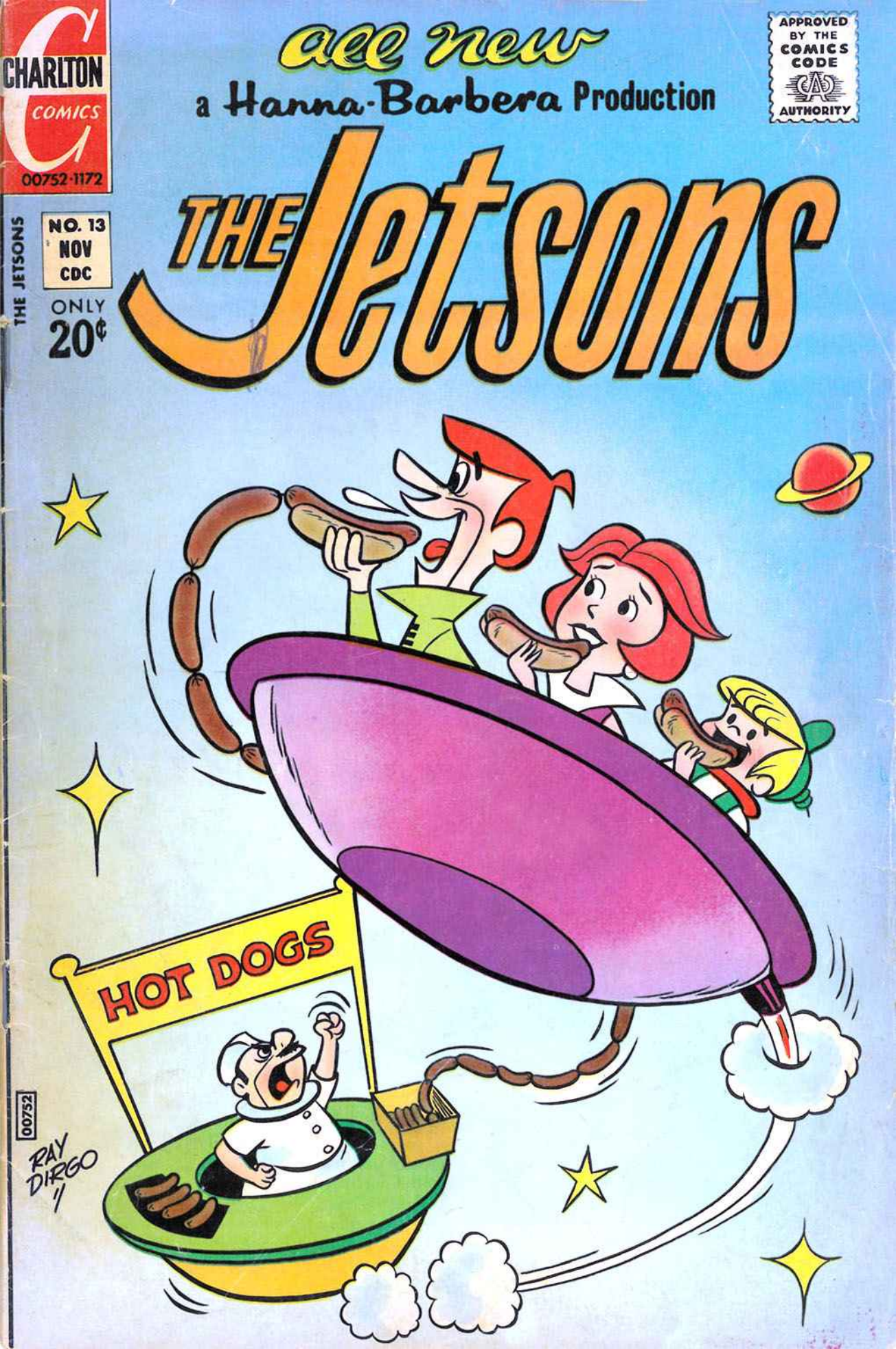
THE JETSONS



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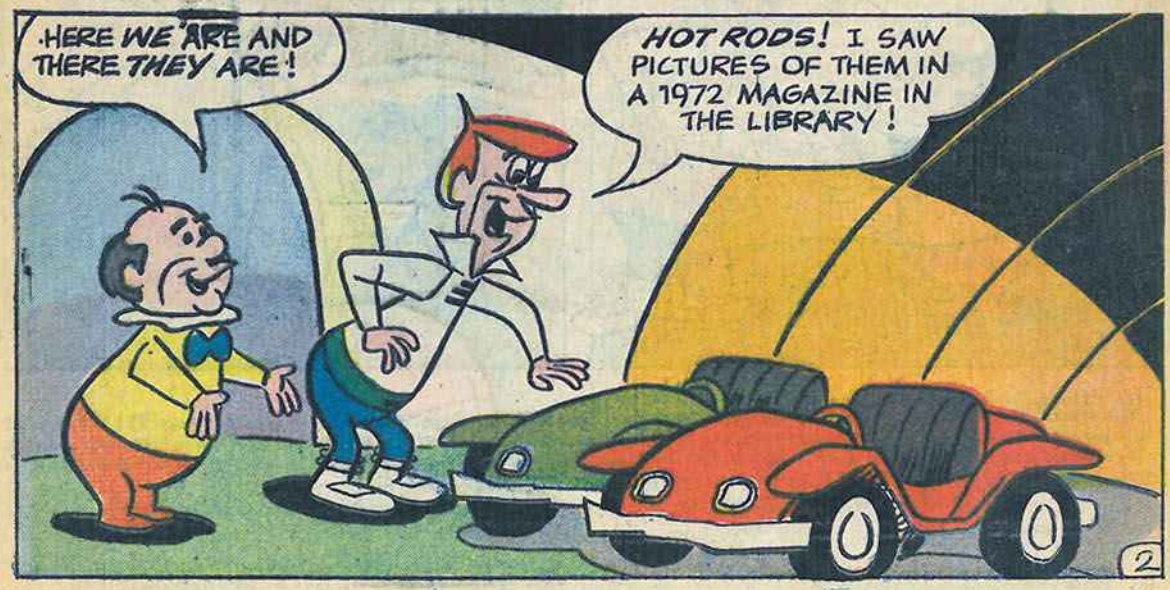
IT'S SOMETHING YOU MIGHT LIKE TO HAVE!
I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE WHAT IT IS!

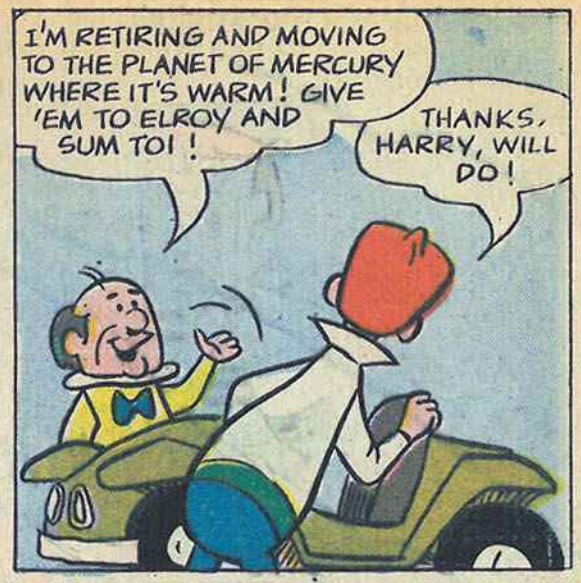
I'LL BET IT'S HIS OLD BEAT UP SPACE CAR HE HASN'T USED FOR TEN YEARS!

WHERE'S YOUR GARAGE, HARRY? ON THE NEXT PLANET?

NO, GEORGE! IT'S RIGHT UP THERE ON THE THIRTY-FIFTH FLOOR!


HERE WE ARE AND THERE THEY ARE!
HOT RODS! I SAW PICTURES OF THEM IN A 1972 MAGAZINE IN THE LIBRARY!

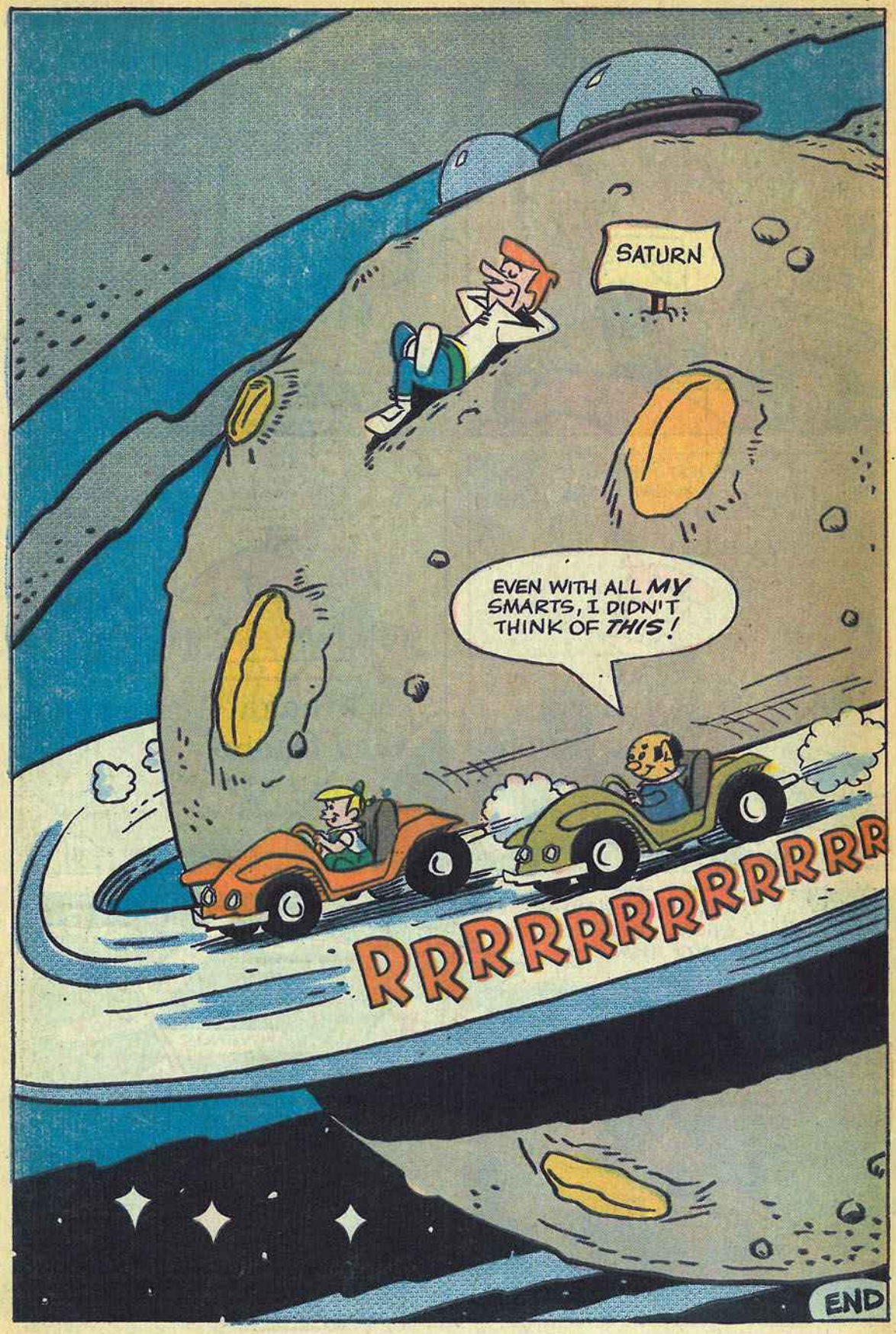
THEY'VE BEEN HANDED DOWN IN THE FAMILY FOR A CENTURY!


I'M RETIRING AND MOVING TO THE PLANET OF MERCURY WHERE IT'S WARM! GIVE 'EM TO ELROY AND SUM TOI!
THANKS, HARRY, WILL DO!

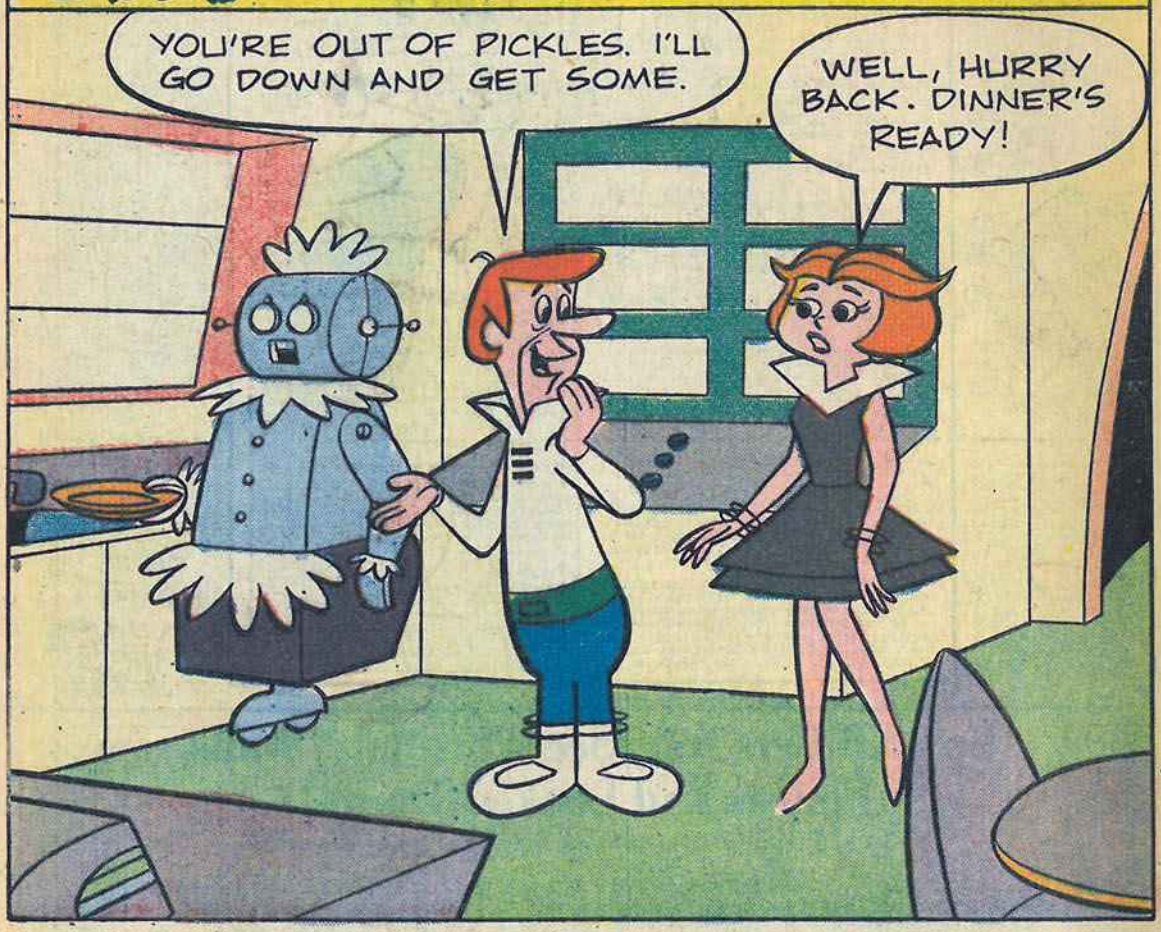
BUT WHERE WOULD THEY RACE THESE THINGS? THERE'S NO ROOM ON EARTH!

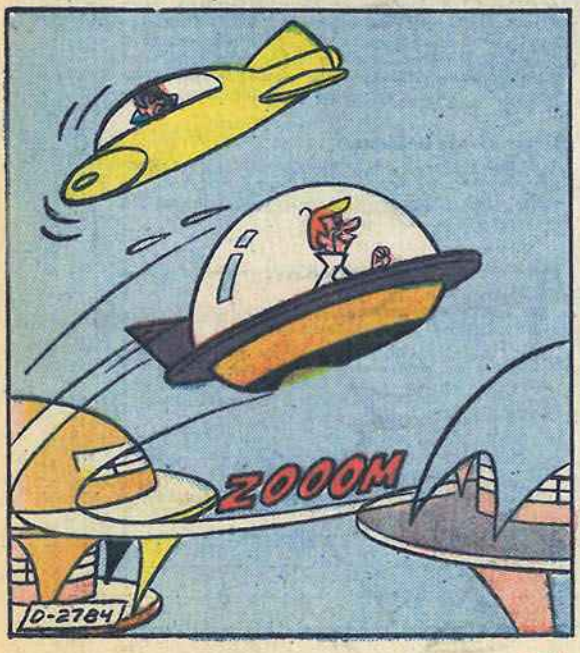
LATER...
LET'S SEE... YEAH, HERE'S THE SPOT!
OUTER SPACE MAP

YOU KIDS WILL HAVE A BALL WHERE WE'RE GOING AND NO TRAFFIC!
JUPITER
MOON
VENUS
MARS

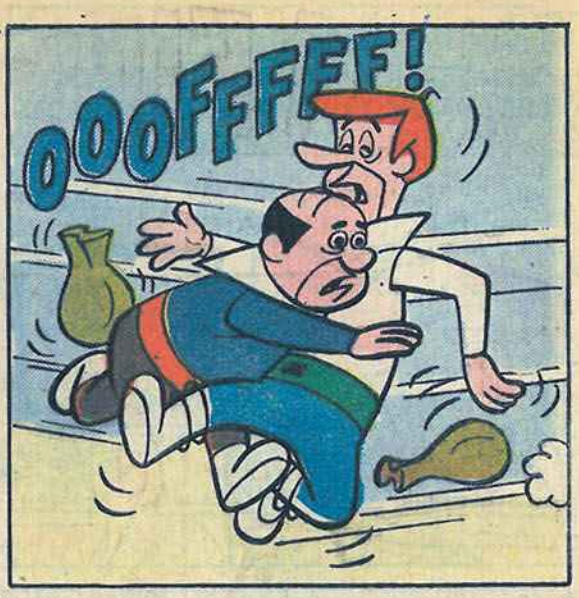

SATURN
EVEN WITH ALL MY SMARTS, I DIDN'T THINK OF THIS!
RRRRRRRRRRRR
END

The JETSONS A FINE PICKLE



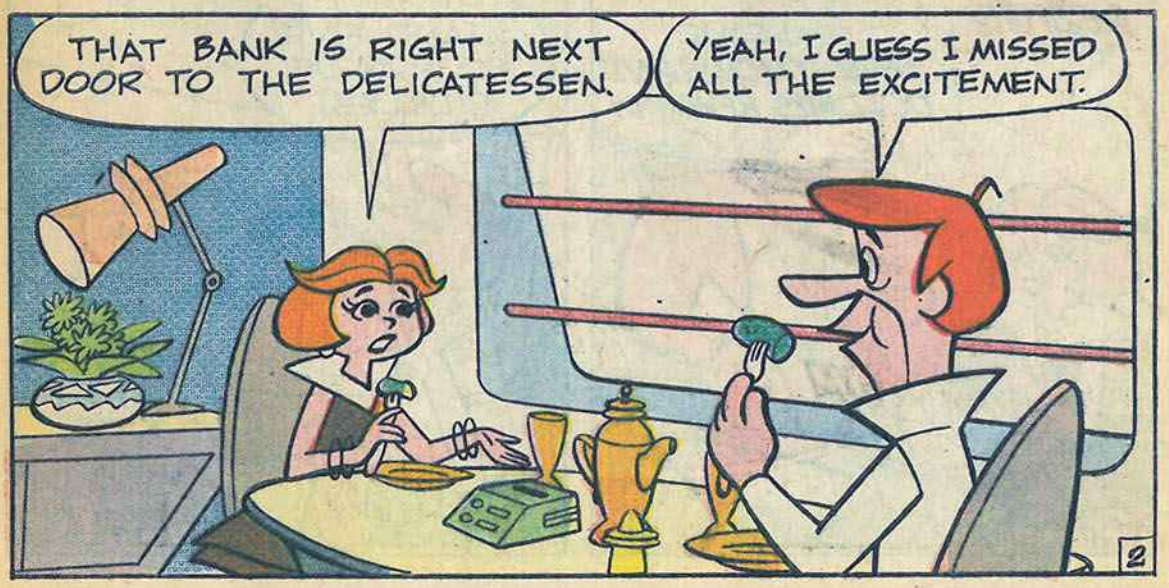


BANK


OOOFFFFF!

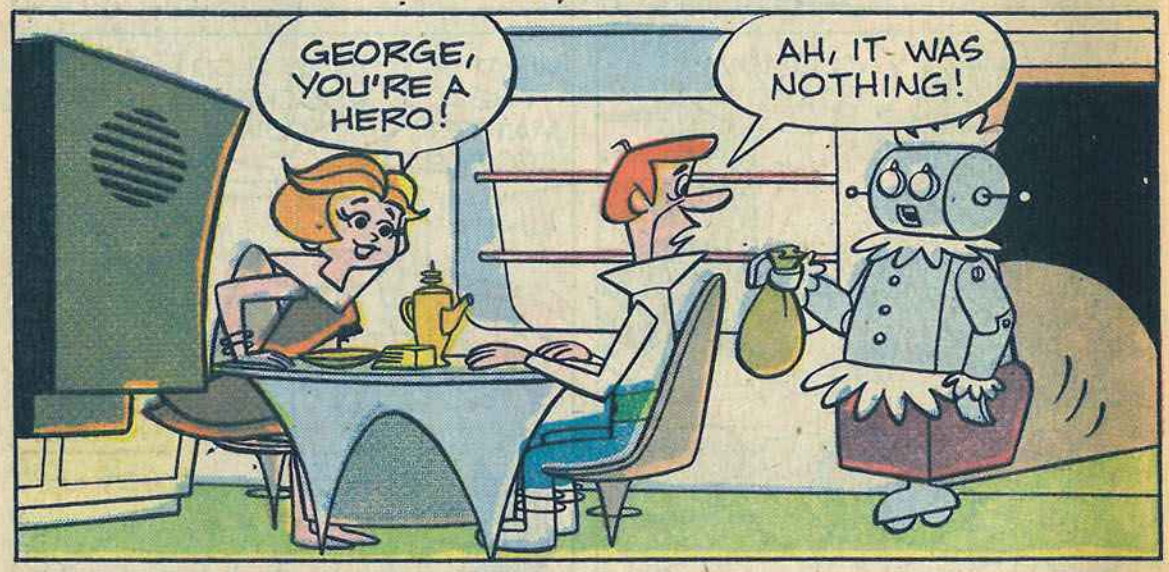
CLUMSY OAF!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, GEORGE?
SOME CLOD KNOCKED ME DOWN!
FLASH! MIDTOWN BANK ROBBED!


THAT BANK IS RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO THE DELICATESSEN.
YEAH, I GUESS I MISSED ALL THE EXCITEMENT.

...THE ROBBER BUMPED INTO SOMEONE WHILE FLEEING THE BANK. THE MONEY, $75,000 IS STILL MISSING---

FLASH! THE THIEF WAS JUST CAUGHT. HE WAS CARRYING A BAG OF PICKLES.
?
?


GEORGE, YOU'RE A HERO!
AH, IT WAS NOTHING!

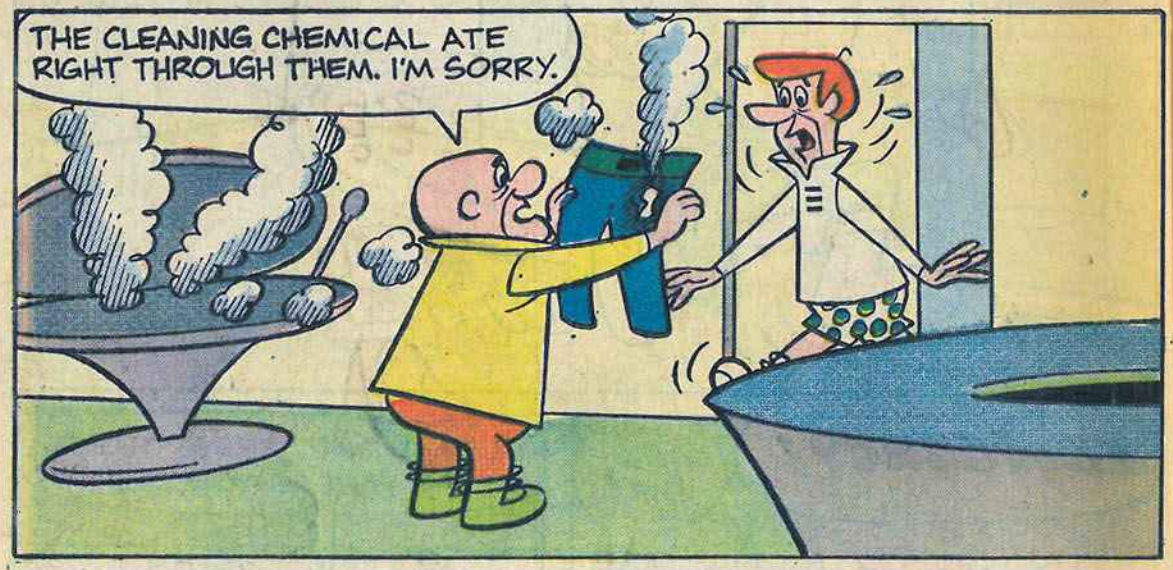
LATER
IMAGINE, ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD!

---AND FIVE POUNDS OF PICKLES!
the end

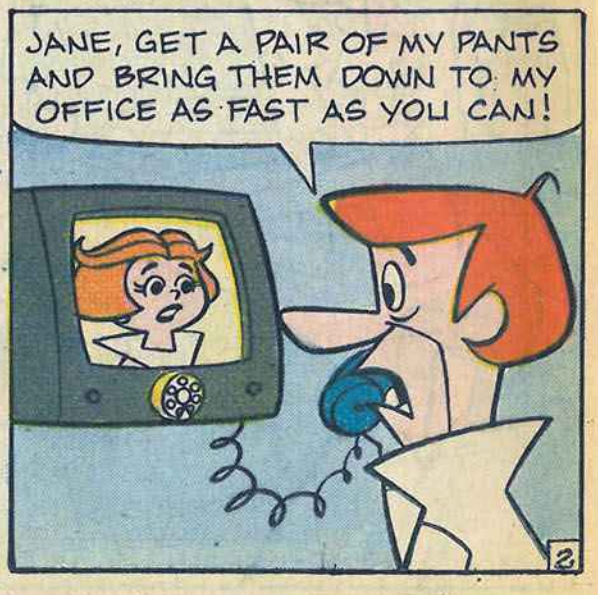
The JETSONS ON THE SPOT

PLEASE HURRY ... I'M LATE!
I'M GOING AS FAST AS I CAN.
DRESSING ROOM.

OH, OH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?


THE CLEANING CHEMICAL ATE RIGHT THROUGH THEM. I'M SORRY.

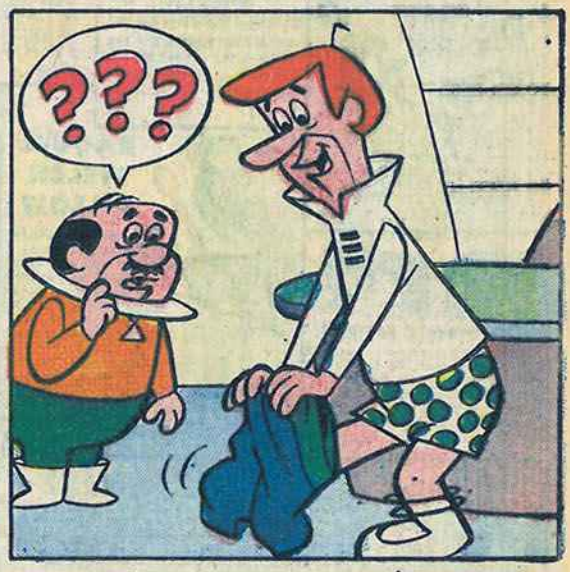
OH, NO. QUICK, WHERE'S YOUR TELEPHONE?


JANE, GET A PAIR OF MY PANTS AND BRING THEM DOWN TO MY OFFICE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!
2

GOOD MORNING, MRS. JETSON. WHERE'S GEORGE?
OH HE'LL BE ALONG IN A MINUTE.

GOOD MORNING, BOSS.
A HEAVY COAT IN MID-SUMMER?

???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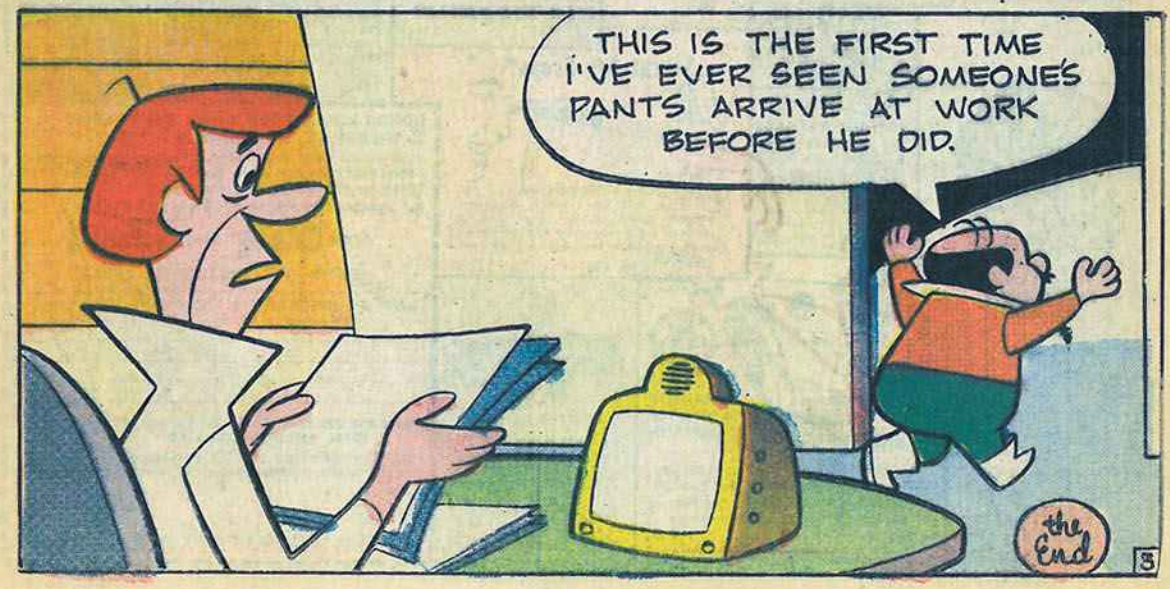
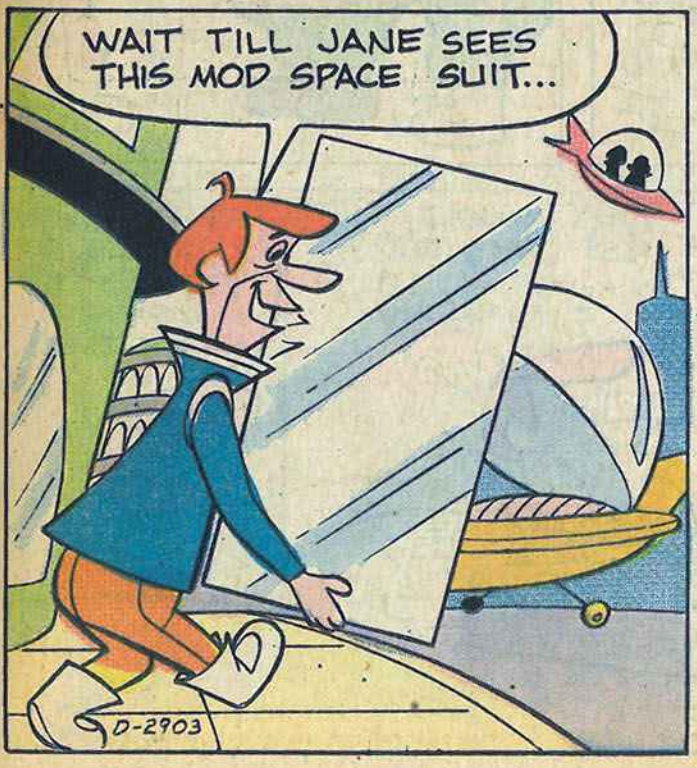
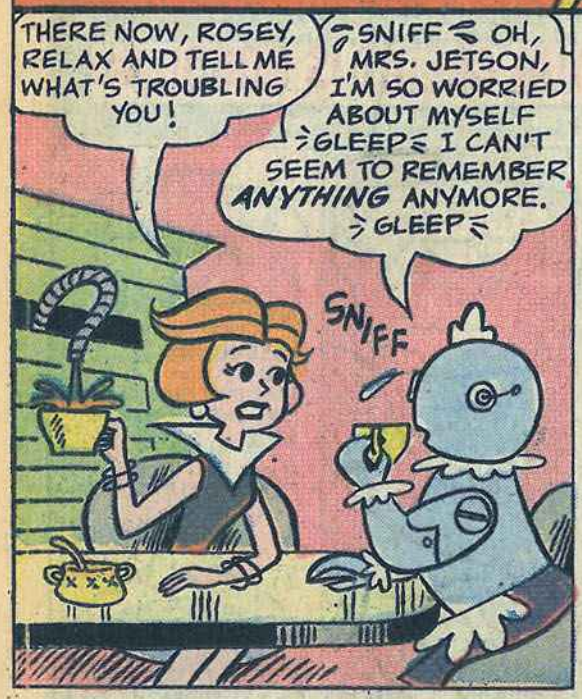

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN SOMEONE'S PANTS ARRIVE AT WORK BEFORE HE DID.
the End

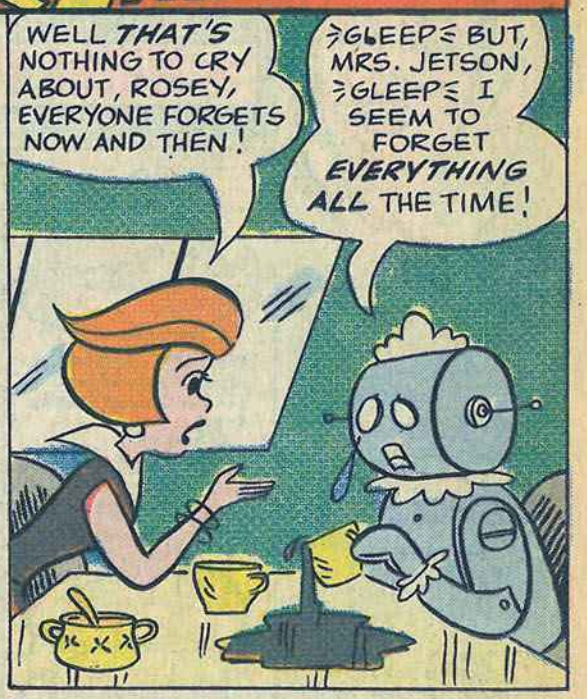
The JETSONS HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

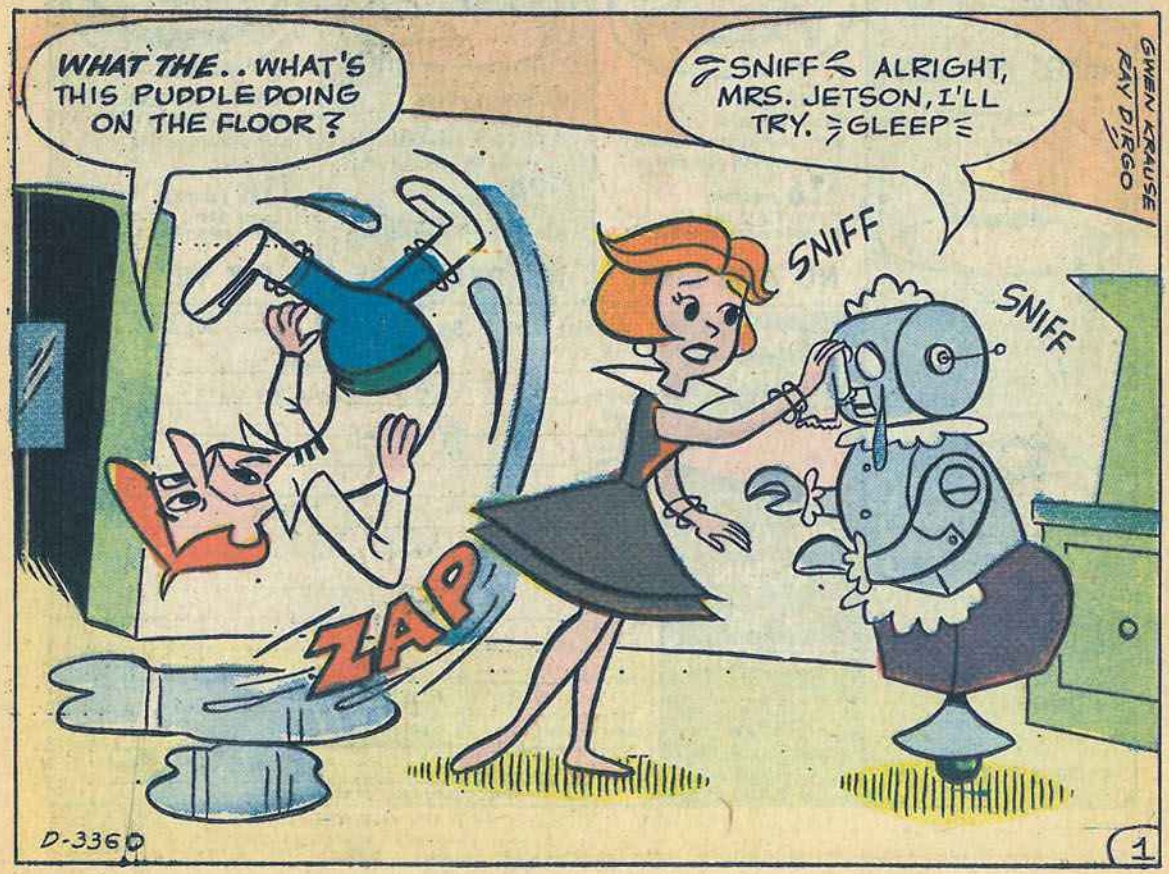


OH NO!
GOT HIM! NICE GOING, MISTER!
YOU USED JUDO ON THE THIEF, RIGHT?
NO, I CAPTURED HIM WITH MIRRORS.
VERY FUNNY YOU'RE A STAND-UP COMIC, GEORGE!
The End

THE JETSONS in A DAY to REMEMBER





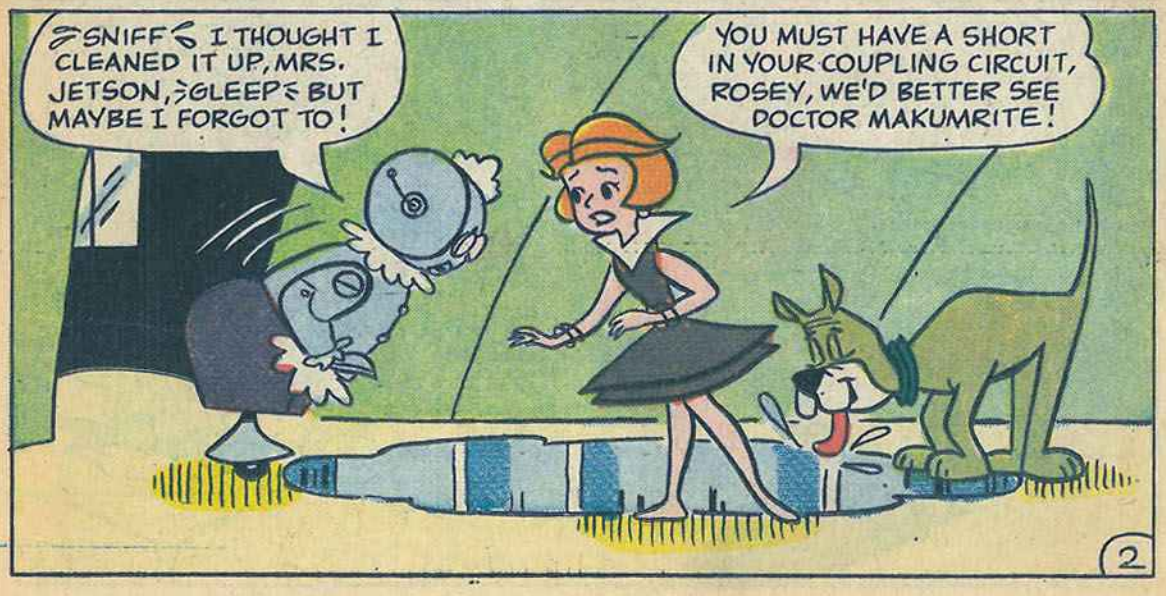


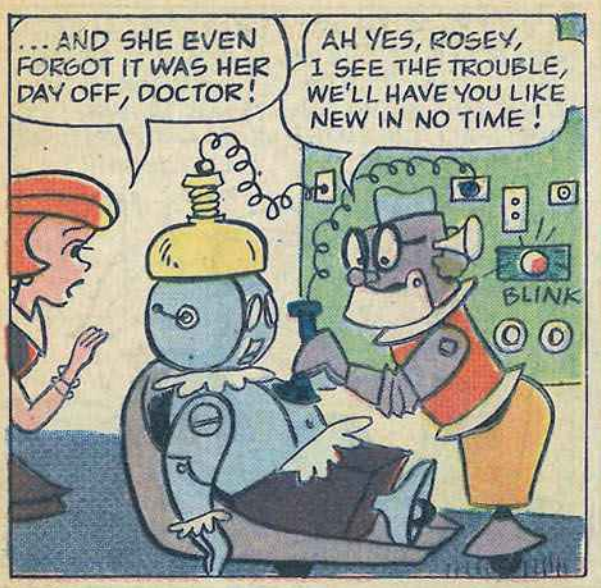
I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE WATER CAME FROM! ..ARE YOU HURT, DEAR? LET ME HELP YOU!
GLEEP SNIFF I'LL CLEAN IT UP RIGHT AWAY!

A GUY COULD GET KILLED AROUND HERE, JANE! THAT PILE OF TIN CANS IS GETTING WORSE ALL THE TIME!
STOP BLAMING ROSEY, GEORGE, LIE DOWN AND YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT IN A LITTLE WHILE!

ELROY, COME IN THE HOUSE NOW, I CALLED YOU TEN MINUTES AGO AND I WON'T CALL YOU AGAIN!
AW HECK, C'MON ASTRO!

NOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, ELROY?
..SO I CAME IN THROUGH THE KITCHEN AND SOB SLIPPED IN SOME WATER ON THE FLOOR!
BAW

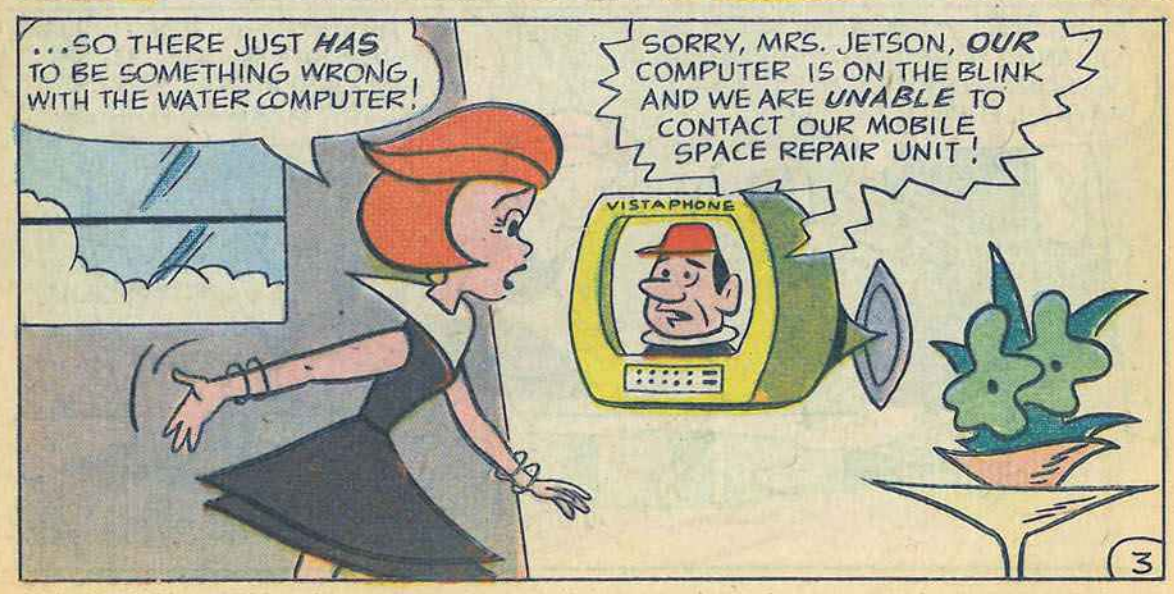

SNIFF I THOUGHT I CLEANED IT UP, MRS. JETSON, GLEEP BUT MAYBE I FORGOT TO!
YOU MUST HAVE A SHORT IN YOUR COUPLING CIRCUIT, ROSEY, WE'D BETTER SEE DOCTOR MAKUMRITE!


...AND SHE EVEN FORGOT IT WAS HER DAY OFF, DOCTOR!
AH YES, ROSEY, I SEE THE TROUBLE, WE'LL HAVE YOU LIKE NEW IN NO TIME!
BLINK

...AND HE SAID SHE'LL BE GOOD AS NEW IN A FEW DAYS!
I DOUBT ANYTHING CAN REJUVENATE THAT JUNKYARD RELIC!

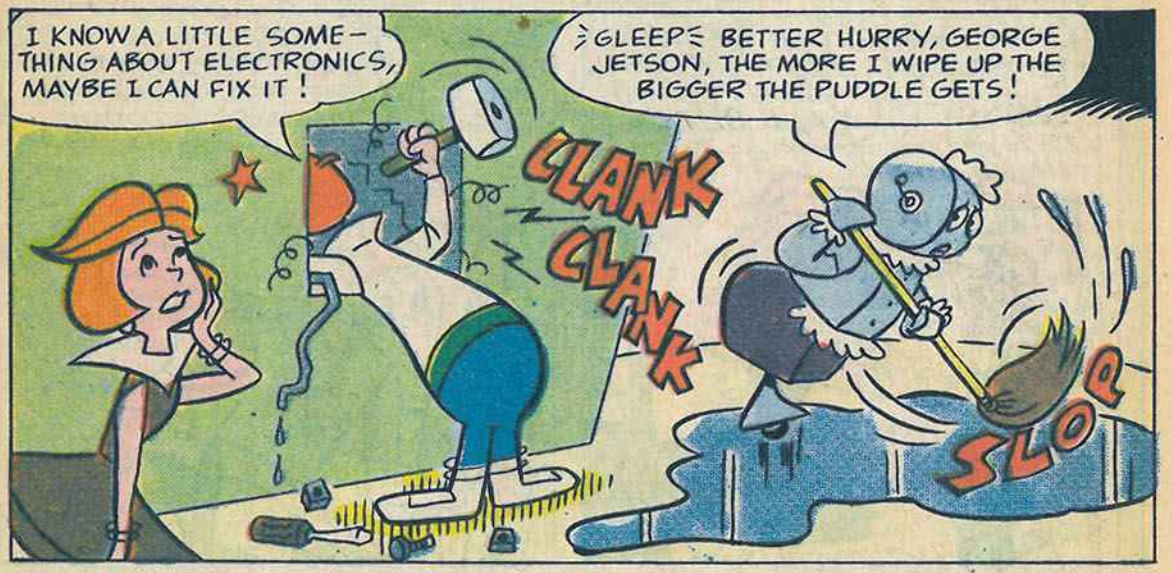
LATER THAT DAY...
GEE, JUDY, THIS IS GREAT, ALL WE CAN GET FROM OURS ARE MILKSHAKES!
ENJOY IT, CINDY, YOU DESERVE IT! MOM, WHAT'S THIS PUDDLE OF WATER DOIN' ON THE FLOOR?

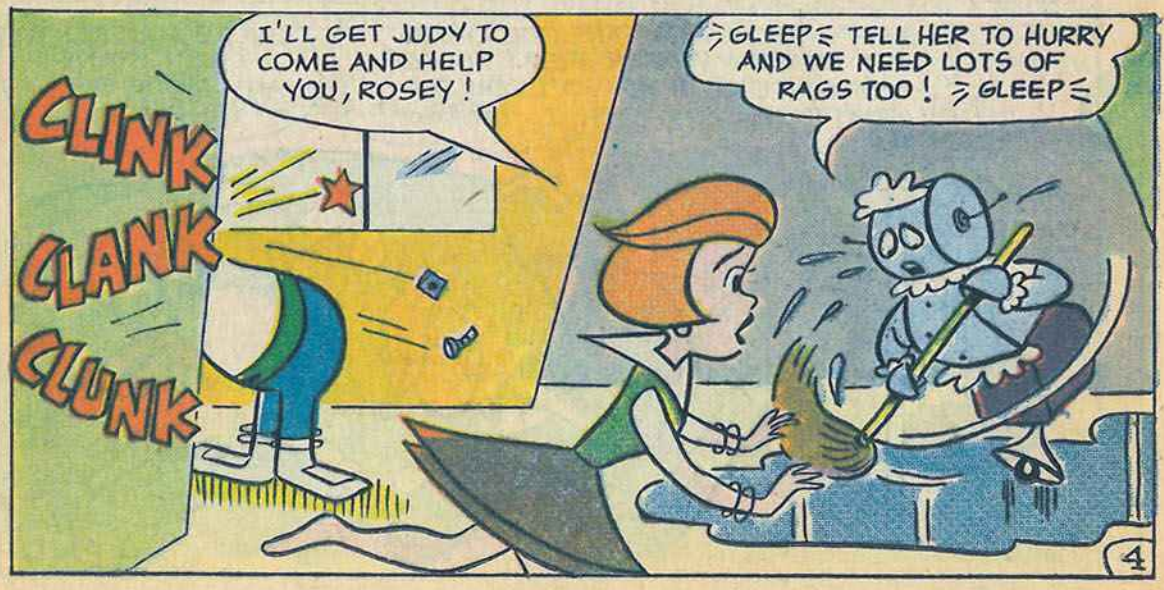
HOW MUCH MORE CAN I STAND THIS DAY? I WONDER WHERE IT'S COMING FROM?
I KNOW VERY WELL ROSEY CLEANED IT UP!


...SO THERE JUST HAS TO BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE WATER COMPUTER!
SORRY, MRS. JETSON, OUR COMPUTER IS ON THE BLINK AND WE ARE UNABLE TO CONTACT OUR MOBILE SPACE REPAIR UNIT!
VISTAPHONE

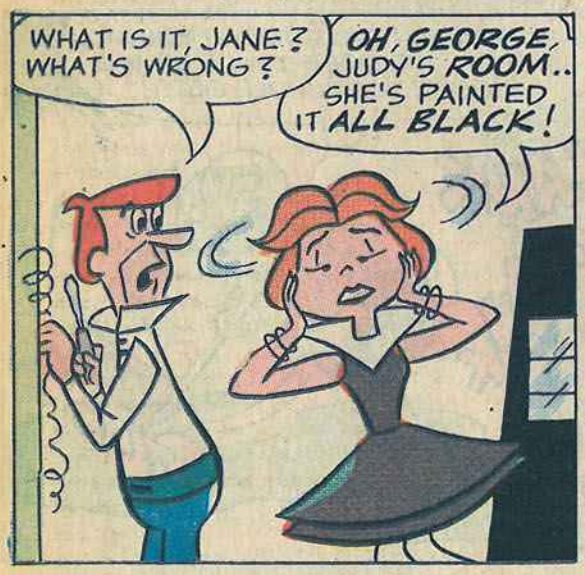
I KNOW BUT WIPE IT UP AGAIN WHILE I TRY TO FIND OUT WHAT'S CAUSING IT!
YES, MRS. JETSON, GLEEP

LATER...
SNIFF THEY CAN'T COME TO FIX IT SOB AND ALL WE CAN DO IS WIPE UP WATER! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY, GEORGE!

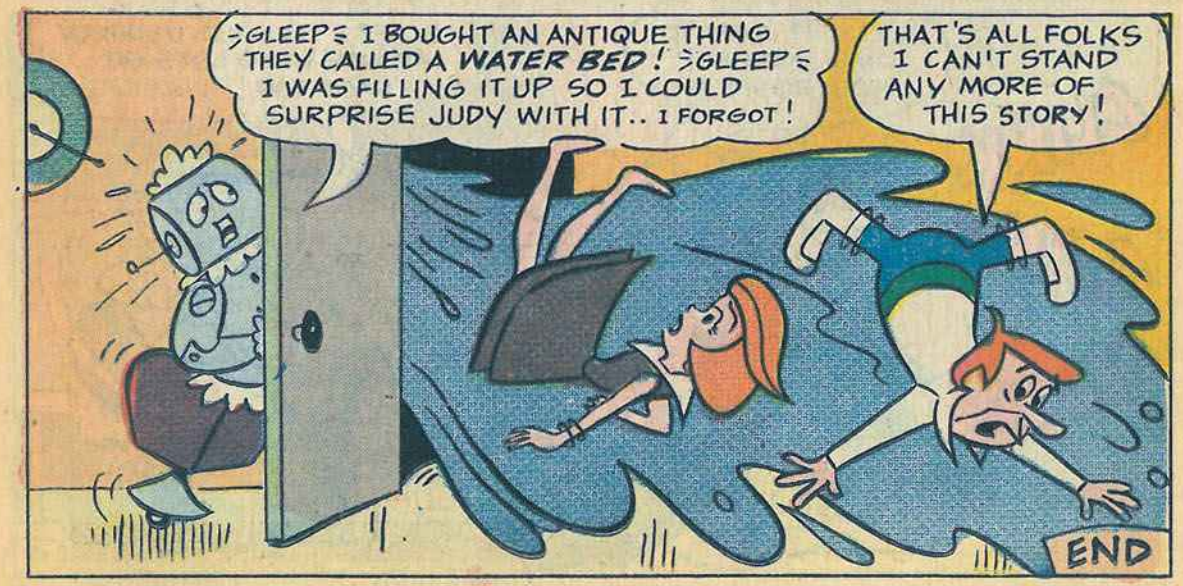

I KNOW A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT ELECTRONICS, MAYBE I CAN FIX IT!
GLEEP BETTER HURRY, GEORGE JETSON, THE MORE I WIPE UP THE BIGGER THE PUDDLE GETS!
CLANK
CLANK
SLOP


I'LL GET JUDY TO COME AND HELP YOU, ROSEY!
GLEEP TELL HER TO HURRY AND WE NEED LOTS OF RAGS TOO! GLEEP
CLINK
CLANK
CLUNK

C'MON IN, MOM, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE WAY CINDY AND I REDECORATED MY ROOM?.. AND JUST LISTEN TO THAT ANTIQUE STEREO!
GASP JUDY, YOU'VE PAINTED THE WALLS AND EVERYTHING BLACK!


WHAT IS IT, JANE? WHAT'S WRONG?
OH, GEORGE, JUDY'S ROOM.. SHE'S PAINTED IT ALL BLACK!

BLACK? OH NO!
JUDY! OH OH, I JUST REMEMBERED GLEEP I KNOW WHERE THE WATER IS COMING FROM!


GLEEP I BOUGHT AN ANTIQUE THING THEY CALLED A WATER BED! GLEEP I WAS FILLING IT UP SO I COULD SURPRISE JUDY WITH IT.. I FORGOT!
THAT'S ALL FOLKS I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE OF THIS STORY!
END

BONERS, MOANERS, AND GROANERS!

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. And I have had a lot of experiences during that time. For three years I was at P.S. 46. The principal was Dr. Joseph Davidman. He told me the "good news."

"Second week in March you have lunch room duty. See that no accident takes place. And watch discipline."

There are adults who think that kids are merely small miniature adults. And hence think the way they do. These people are all wrong. Kids think in their own peculiar way. Take Mike Warrington as an example. He was head of the lunch room squad. And he was rather efficient in his own way. One day I found him punching a smaller boy. By the name of Frank Davis. Frank had a habit of shoving himself ahead of others on the milk line.

"What did Frank do?" I wanted to know. "So that you figured you had to hit him this way?"

"He did something terrible," said Mike to me. "Going to take a long time before I forgive him or even forget him."

"Go ahead and tell me," I insisted. "What terrible crime did he commit?"

"He had no right to hit me back when I smacked him for trying to sneak into line."

Kids can forget sometimes in a hurry. Next day Mike and Frank were sharing a piece of cake together. That's how kids are.

Our particular headache concerned the kids from the second and third grades in the lunchroom. They had a separate milk line for them. Soon, as though by magic, they found out that the empty milk cartons could be used as miniature footballs.

"I catch any of you kids throwing a milk carton and you clean up the lunch room-with a toothbrush," yelled Mike Warrington. And he really showed me a new technique in getting the little ones to obey. Peter was the culprit. He threw five of the milk cartons into the air. Mike produced a toothbrush.

"Now clean up or I'll give you a Tgonasrit!"

Of course, Mike made up that word. It cured him but that wasn't the end of the matter. His sister, Helen was a senior in our school. Next day at lunch time she came down and argued with Mike.

"You have no right to tell my brother to clean up this lunchroom. I have a good mind to give you a piece of my mind."

"Don't spare it," snapped back Mike. "You help me for the rest of the period and see if you can get the little ones to obey and be neat."

Know something? She helped him and realized it wasn't such an easy task at that. She then told Peter he would have to obey Mike or no icecream for supper at home. That did the trick. And Peter turned into something like an angel for the rest of the term.

Finally Friday arrived. It seemed a long time for it to come. That was the end of my lunch room assignment for the term. Mrs. Kellerman, of 6B2 would then have it for a week. Things looked peaceful as I walked up and down the aisles. Suddenly I noticed a group of boys and girls out of their seats and all around table 12. I rushed over there to see if anything was wrong.

Jimmy Cantor had a black patch over his right eye. He was getting sympathy and admiration from the group around him.

"What happened to your right eye?" I asked him.

"Had an accident" was all he told me. But I wasn't satisfied. I waited until the period was nearly ended and then sent for him.

"You tell me just how it happened. Hope it isn't too serious," I told him.

"It happened last evening when I was drinking my milk from my cup after supper," he informed me.

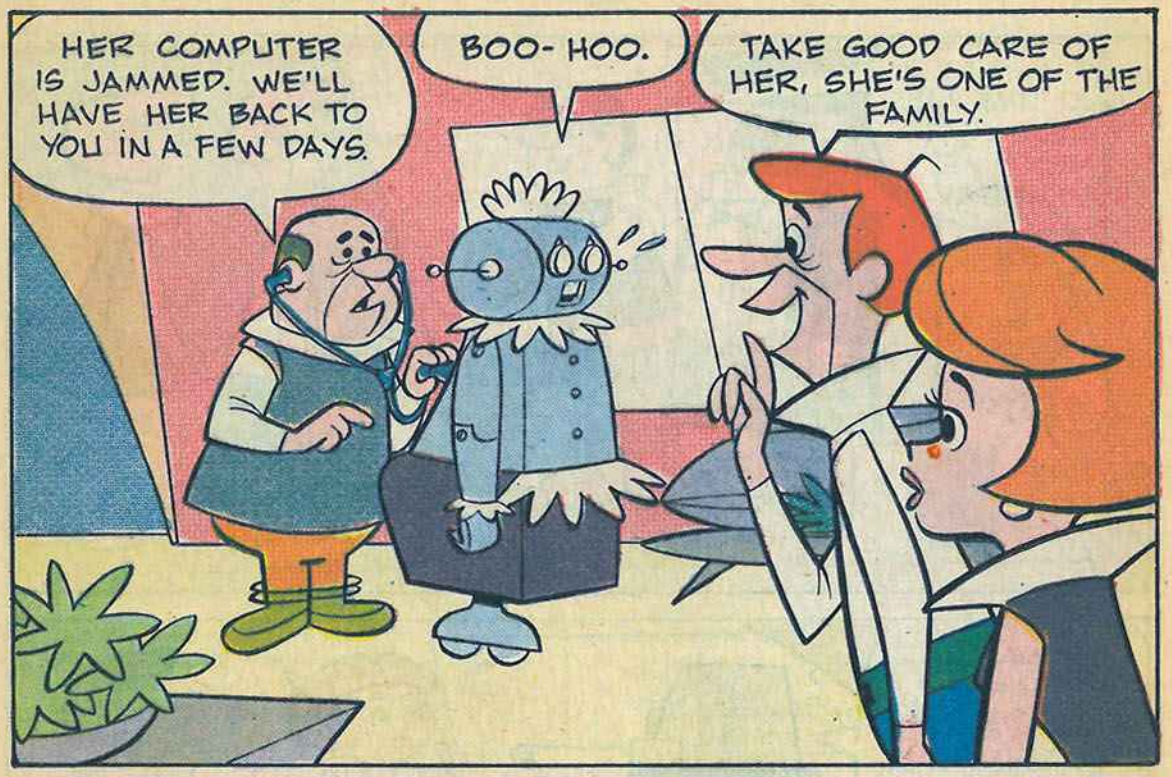
I could quickly visualize the cup somehow being forced up and hitting him. But I wasn't prepared for what he told me.

"I forgot to take the teaspoon out of the cup and the top hit me on the side of my eye. It will be o.k. on Monday."

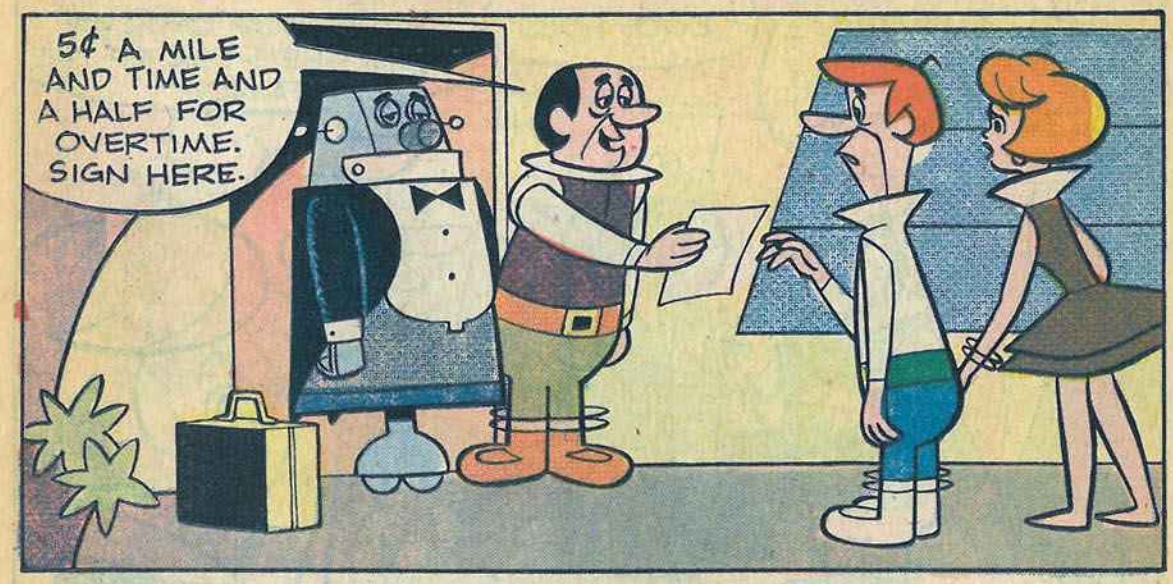
Monday came and in the afternoon at dismissal time I met Mrs. Kellerman at the time clock.

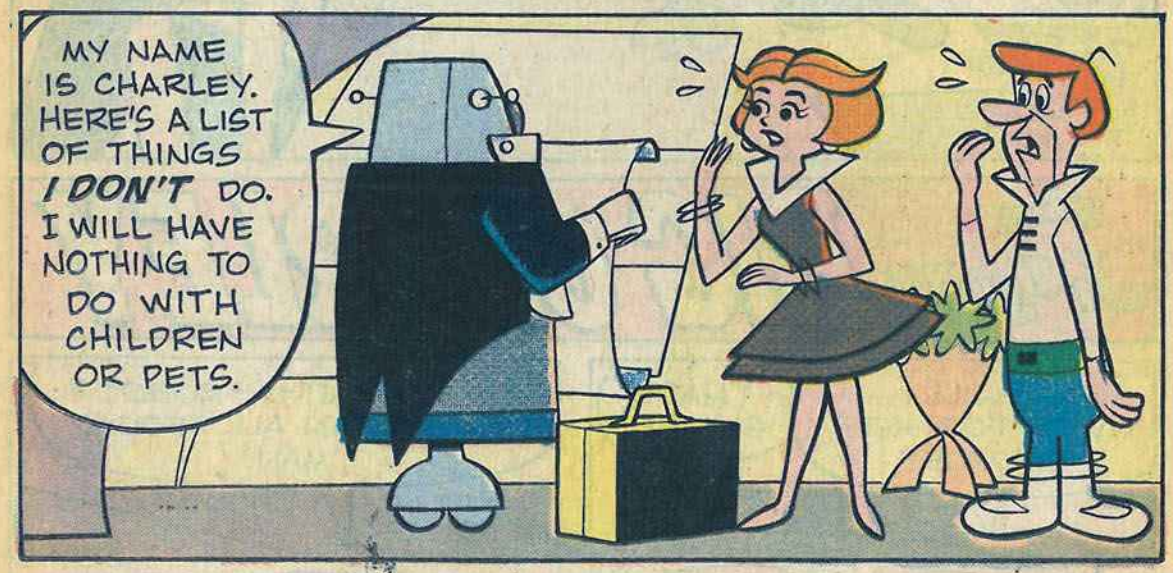
"That Jimmy started something. About thirty boys and girls are wearing eye patches. Hope we don't have it as a fad here."

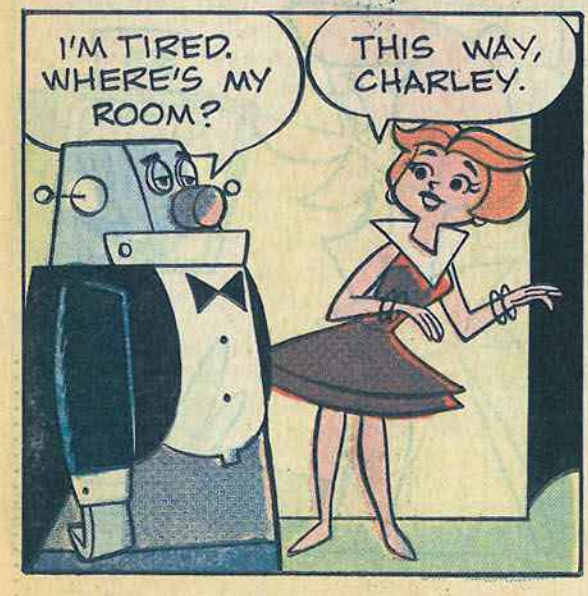
Next time I will tell you more about what happened in my school.



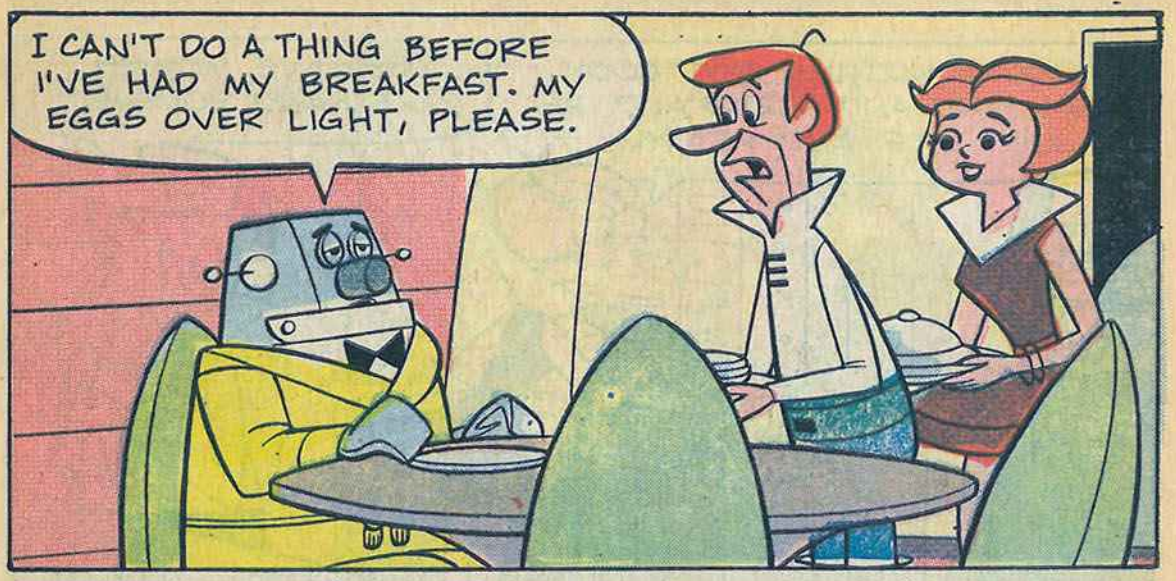
The JETSONS BIG CHARLEY


5¢ A MILE AND TIME AND A HALF FOR OVERTIME. SIGN HERE.

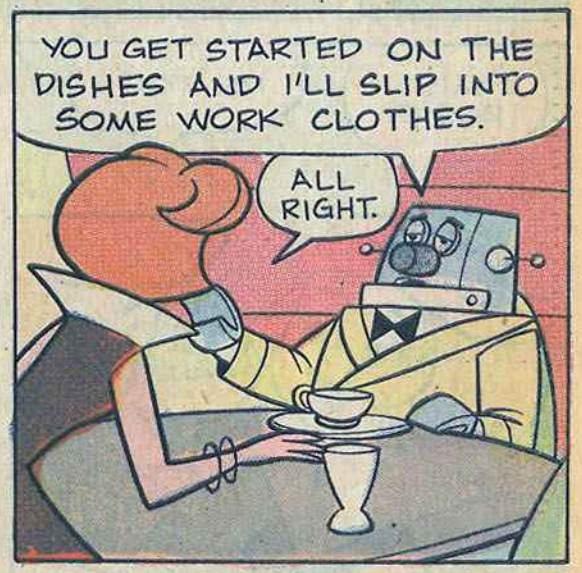

MY NAME IS CHARLEY. HERE'S A LIST OF THINGS *I DON'T* DO. I WILL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH CHILDREN OR PETS.


I'M TIRED. WHERE'S MY ROOM?
THIS WAY, CHARLEY.

GRAB MY BAG AND FOLLOW US.
YES. SIR!


I CAN'T DO A THING BEFORE I'VE HAD MY BREAKFAST. MY EGGS OVER LIGHT, PLEASE.

MORE COFFEE!
COMING RIGHT UP!

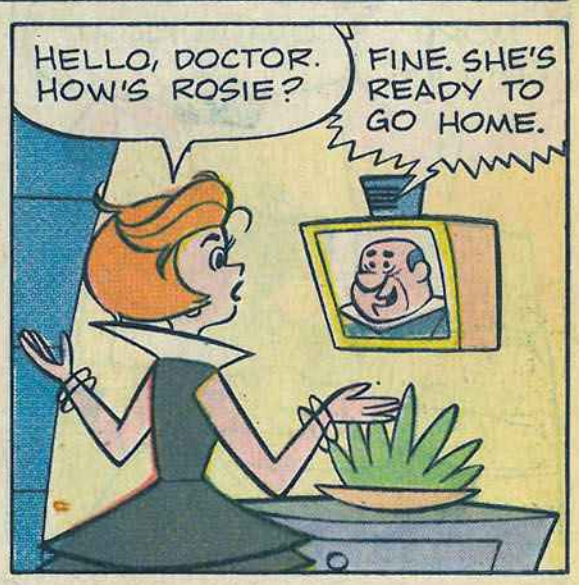

YOU GET STARTED ON THE DISHES AND I'LL SLIP INTO SOME WORK CLOTHES.
ALL RIGHT.

BUT FIRST I'LL TAKE MY AFTER BREAKFAST NAP.

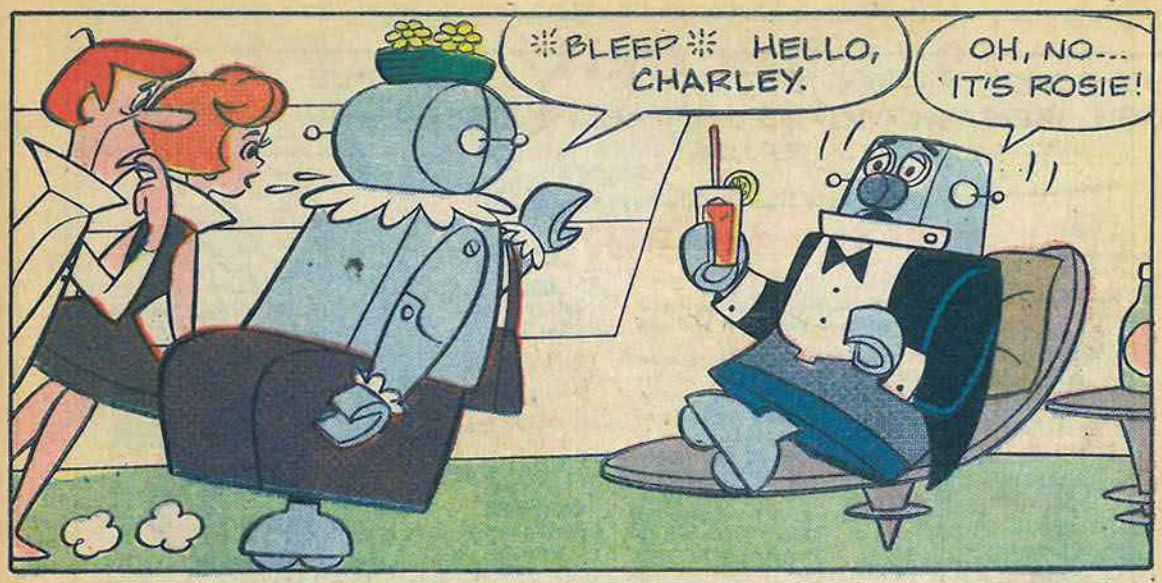
HIS INFERNAL SNORING IS DRIVING ME OUT OF MY OWN HOUSE!
SSNORR
SSNORR

I'VE DONE NOTHING BUT COOK, WASH, IRON AND SCRUB AND HE JUST SITS AND READS.
... AND I'VE MOWED, RAKED AND POLISHED!

I MISS ROSIE.
ME TOO.

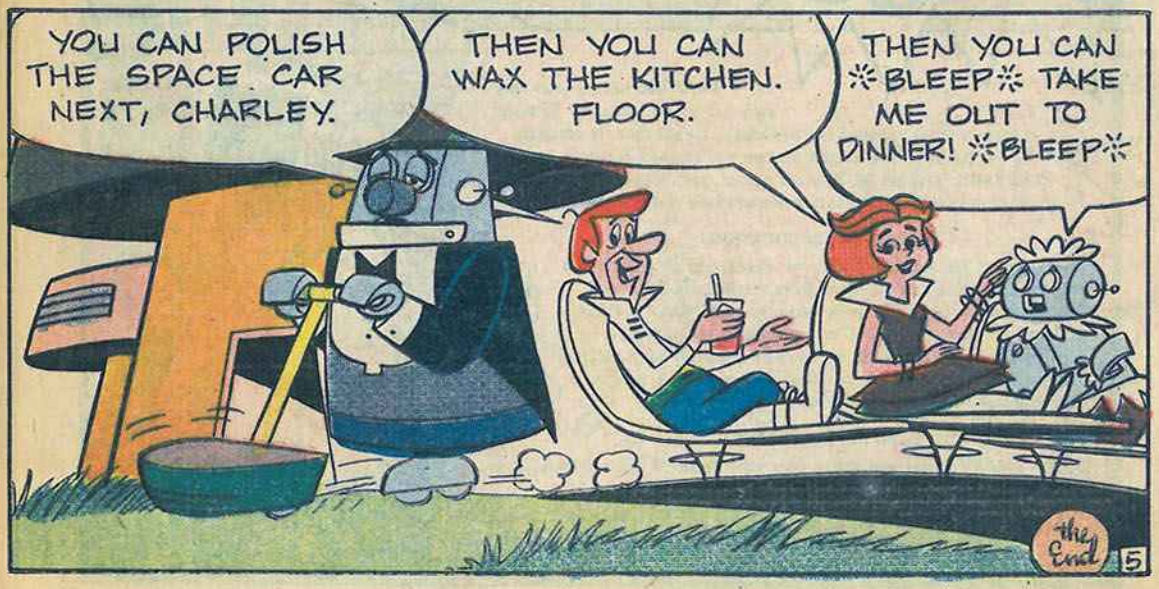

HELLO, DOCTOR. HOW'S ROSIE?
FINE. SHE'S READY TO GO HOME.

WELCOME HOME, ROSIE.
WE MISSED YOU.
WHERE'S BIG CHARLEY, THE GOOF-OFF? *BLEEP*

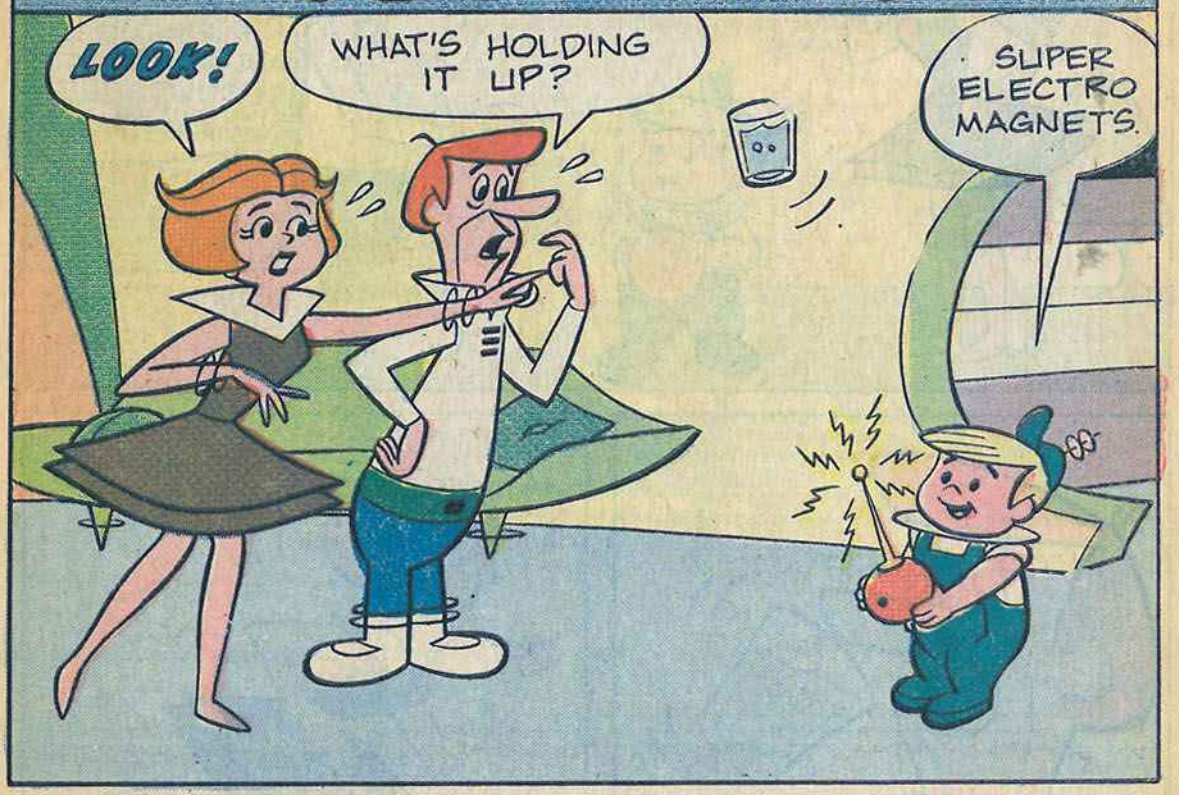

BLEEP HELLO, CHARLEY.
OH, NO... IT'S ROSIE!

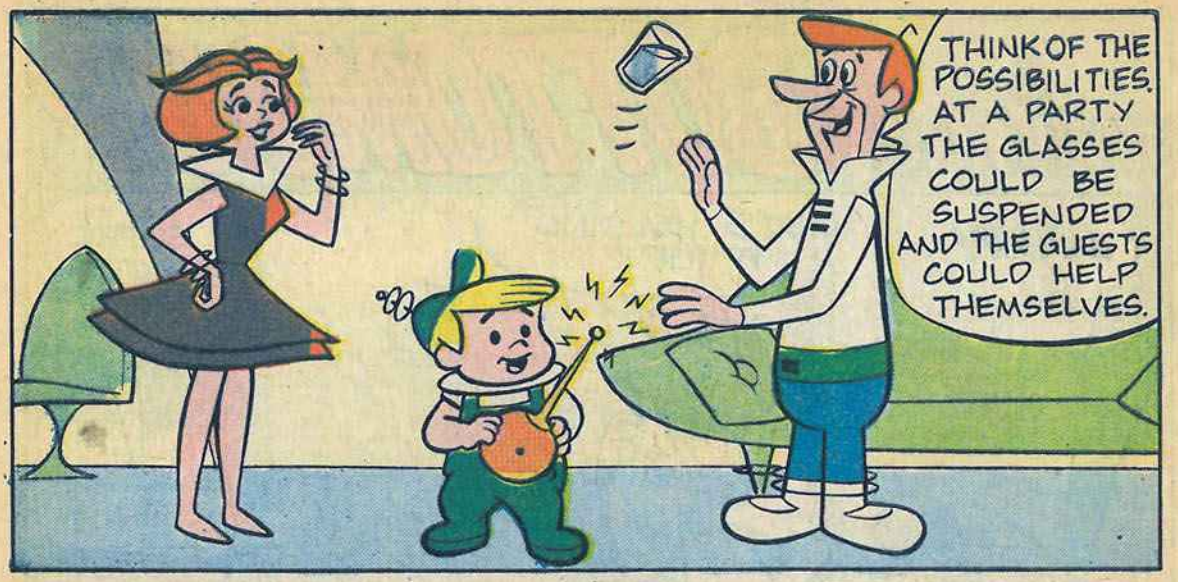
I DON'T FEEL WELL.
THE HOLIDAY'S OVER, CHARLEY!

HERE'S YOUR LIST OF CHORES. PROGRAM THEM.


YOU CAN POLISH THE SPACE CAR NEXT, CHARLEY.
THEN YOU CAN WAX THE KITCHEN. FLOOR.
THEN YOU CAN *BLEEP* TAKE ME OUT TO DINNER! *BLEEP*
the End

The JETSONS BOTTOMS-UP




THINK OF THE POSSIBILITIES. AT A PARTY THE GLASSES COULD BE SUSPENDED AND THE GUESTS COULD HELP THEMSELVES.

ELROY, WHY DO YOU DO THESE THINGS TO YOUR OWN FATHER?
THE END

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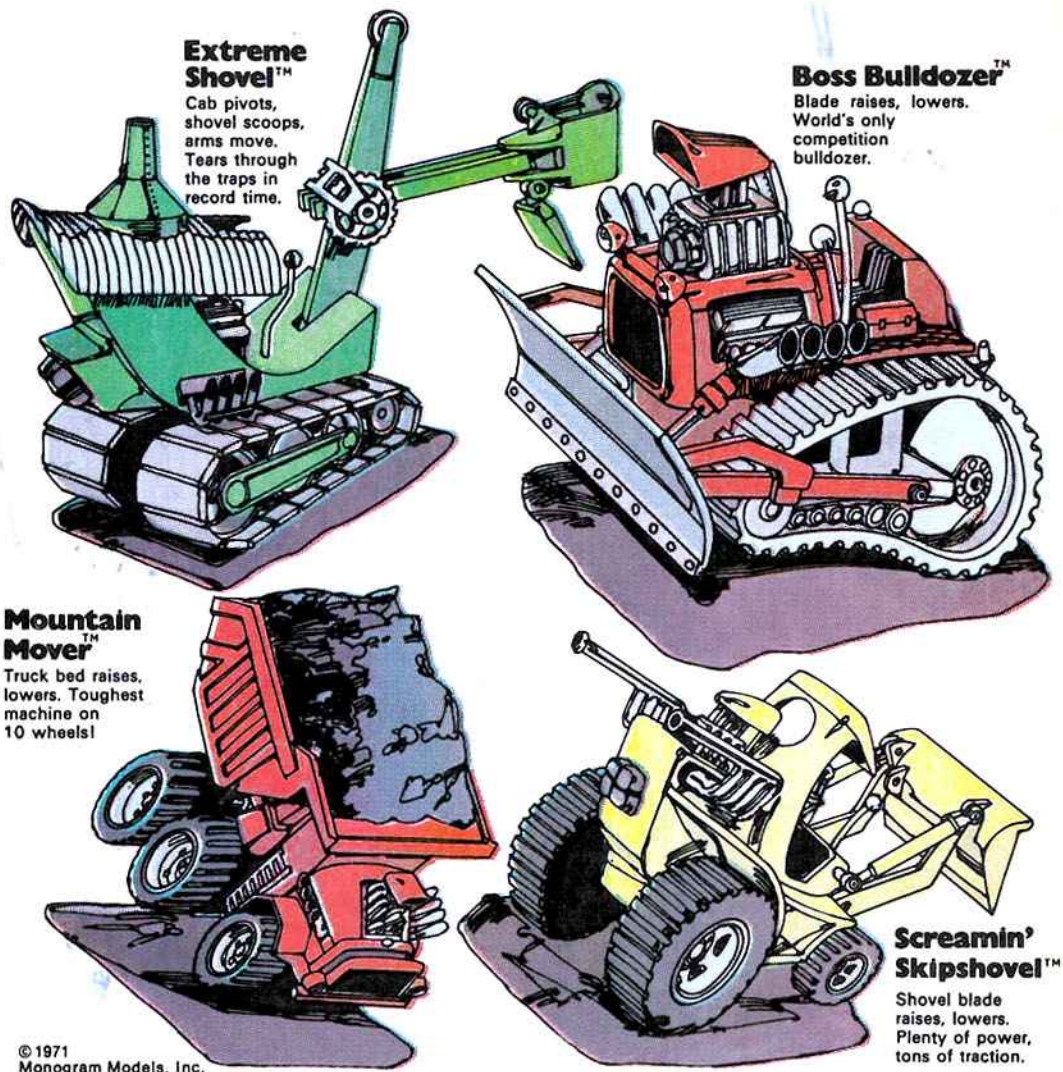
DIG THESE!

Four new SNAP TITE®
drag construction models you build without glue, without paint and without help.



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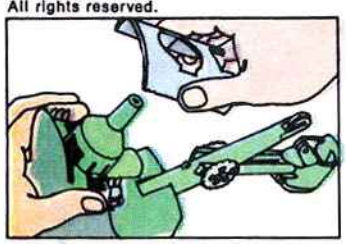

It's easy to build these SNAP TITE® drag models. The pieces snap tightly together without glue or paint. Start building your own fleet of the world's fastest, freakiest construction vehicles.

Monogram quality hobby kits MATTEL®

If they were any more real, you'd need a hard hat.